



KEVIN SMITH • PHIL HESTER • ANDE PARKS

GREEN ARROW

NO. 9
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QUIVER
PART NINE

INTRODUCTION

GREEN
LANTERN

GREEN
ARROW

Hal Jordan was chosen to represent an intergalactic police force created by the oldest beings in existence—the Guardians of the Universe. Protecting Earth and all of space sector 2814 from every extraterrestrial threat imaginable, Hal shines his light proudly as Green Lantern! Follow his adventures from his “Rebirth” and triumphant return to the DC Universe, through his darkest hour in the Blackest Night!

Hal Jordan’s best friend, Oliver Queen, was once a self-centered billionaire and head of Queen Industries. His fall from grace (and life) was epic...but the Emerald Archer found a way to survive. Now considered a super hero, he strikes out against crime and corruption in his home of Star City as the world’s greatest archer and ultimate hero for the people—Green Arrow!

And as a special treat, available for the first time ever digitally:

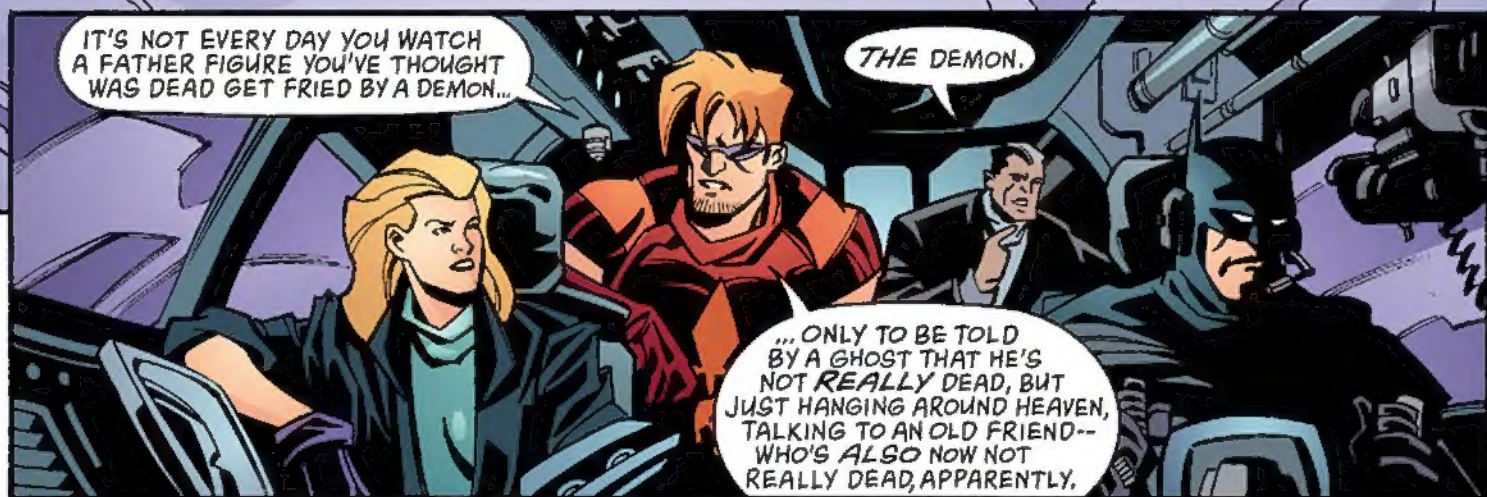
The complete Dennis O’Neil/Neal Adams GREEN LANTERN/GREEN ARROW saga! Considered some of the greatest work ever produced, these legendary masters tell complex inner-city tales with the Emerald Archer, while Hal Jordan battles all forms of universe-threatening menace...and when they team up, it’s the stuff of legends! Read history as it was being created and enjoy some of the most exciting, innovative stories of the genre!

GREEN ARROW: THE LONGBOW HUNTERS is the groundbreaking story of an older, more introspective Green Arrow who’s begun to question the decisions he’s made throughout his career. But danger follows the Emerald Archer and he soon finds himself bow-deep in intrigue and violence, as he’s joined by the mysterious Yakuza archer Shado, in a desperate bid to save Black Canary’s life!





WELL,
THAT WAS AN
EVENTFUL
TRIP.



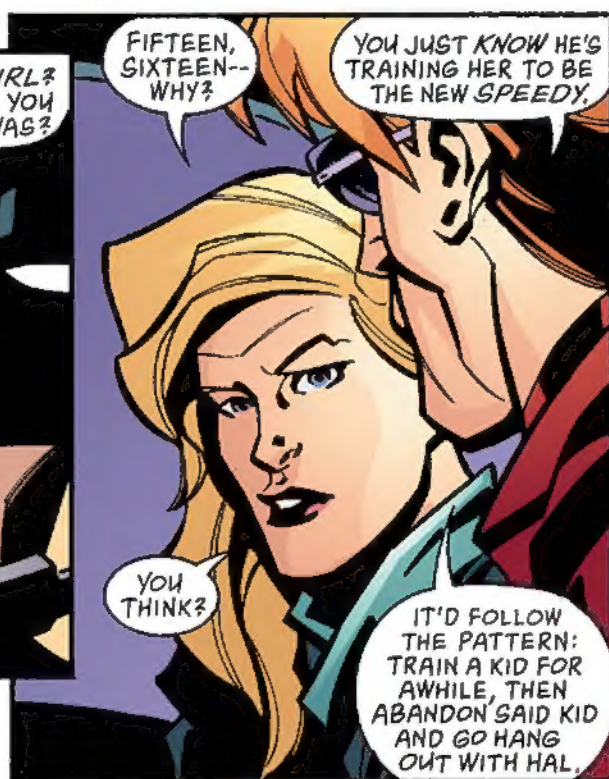
IT'S NOT EVERY DAY YOU WATCH
A FATHER FIGURE YOU'VE THOUGHT
WAS DEAD GET FRIED BY A DEMON...

THE DEMON.

... ONLY TO BE TOLD
BY A GHOST THAT HE'S
NOT **REALLY** DEAD, BUT
JUST HANGING AROUND HEAVEN,
TALKING TO AN OLD FRIEND--
WHO'S **ALSO** NOW NOT
REALLY DEAD, APPARENTLY.



AND THAT **GIRL**?
HOW OLD DO YOU
THINK **SHE** WAS?



FIFTEEN,
SIXTEEN--
WHY?

YOU JUST KNOW HE'S
TRAINING HER TO BE
THE NEW **SPEEDY**.

YOU
THINK?

IT'D FOLLOW
THE PATTERN:
TRAIN A KID FOR
AWHILE, THEN
ABANDON SAID KID
AND GO HANG
OUT WITH HAL.



CLASSIC
OLLIE...

MAN, I REALLY HOPE I'M
WRONG. I MEAN, AREN'T
MOST HEROES **BEYOND** KID
SIDEKICKS AT THIS POINT
IN THEIR CAREERS?



Ahem...

NOT... YOU KNOW... THAT
THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG
WITH THAT...

OH,
BOY...



SEE, WHEN I WAS TALKING TO THE GIRL, I WAS THINKING "CLASSIC OLLIE" FOR AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT REASON.

OH, C'MON, DINAH-- THE GIRL WAS A TEENAGER!

YEAH, BUT NOT THAT YOUNG.

GOOD LORD-- THE GUY GETS AN UNSOLICITED KISS FROM SOME FAN-GIRL AT A MASQUERADE PARTY, AND HE NEVER LIVES IT DOWN.

OLLIE LIKES 'EM YOUNG, IS ALL I'M SAYING...



YOU'VE GOTTA GET OFF THAT KICK ABOUT OLLIE.

FINE-- YOU GET OFF YOUR KICK ABOUT HIM ABANDONING YOU!

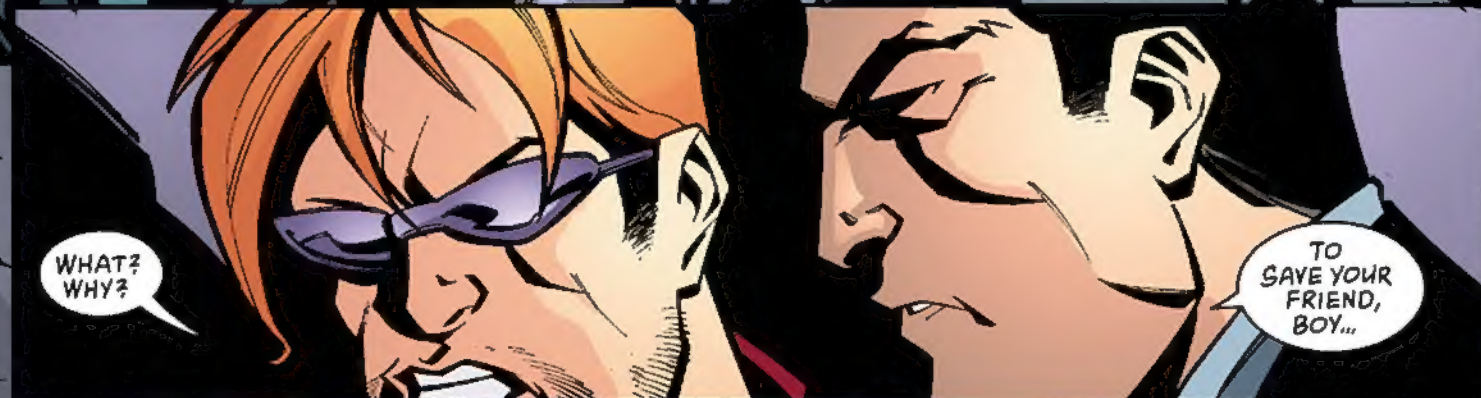
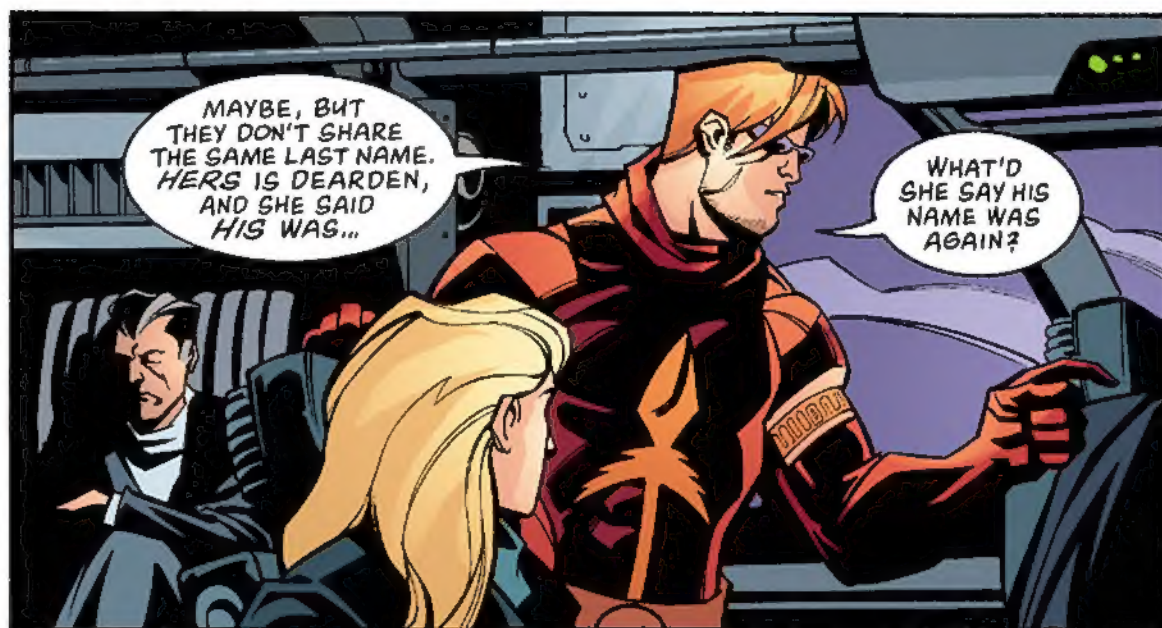
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD BOTH GET OFF YOUR RESPECTIVE "KICKS" AND JUST APPRECIATE THE FACT THAT THE MAN'S ALIVE.

YEAH...



AND MAYBE YOU'VE OVERLOOKED THE OBVIOUS EXPLANATION FOR THE GIRL...

... SHE COULD JUST BE OLLIE'S BENEFactor's GRAND-DAUGHTER.



DC COMICS PRESENTS

QUIVER

CHAPTER NINE:

THE WEIRD WORLD OF **STANLEY** AND **MONSTER**

H... HELP
ME... MUH...
MISTER...

... IN THE
NAME OF THE
BEAST!

KEVIN SMITH
Writer

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WH-WHO IS THAT BOY?

OH, GOD, STANLEY-- WHY...?!

YOU WANT SOME ANSWERS, HUNH?

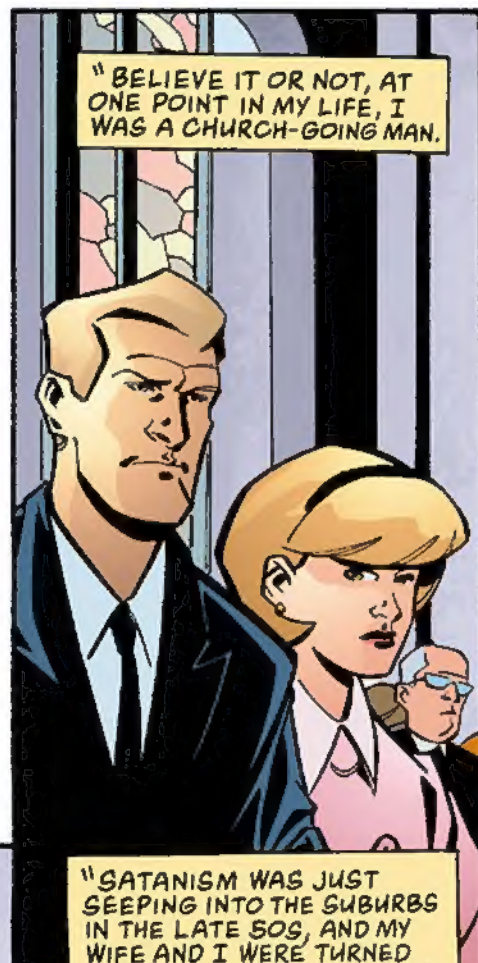
I GUESS I WOULD TOO, IF I WAS IN YOUR SHOES.

WHICH IS WHERE I PLAN ON BEING VERY SHORTLY, BY THE WAY.



BUT I'LL HUMOR YOU, OLLIE. IF FOR NO OTHER REASON THAN IT'S A STORY I DON'T GET TO SHARE VERY OFTEN.

AND SOMETIMES, A GUY NEEDS TO GET STUFF OFF HIS CHEST, YOU KNOW?



"BELIEVE IT OR NOT, AT ONE POINT IN MY LIFE, I WAS A CHURCH-GOING MAN.

"SATANISM WAS JUST SEEPING INTO THE SUBURBS IN THE LATE 50S, AND MY WIFE AND I WERE TURNED ONTO IT BY OUR NEIGHBORS, THE HENDERSONS.



"MY WIFE WAS INTO THE ALL-NIGHT ORGIES, BUT I WAS CAPTIVATED BY THE PROMISE OF LIFE ETERNAL-- NOT IN THE HEREAFTER, AS MOST RELIGIONS PROMISED..."

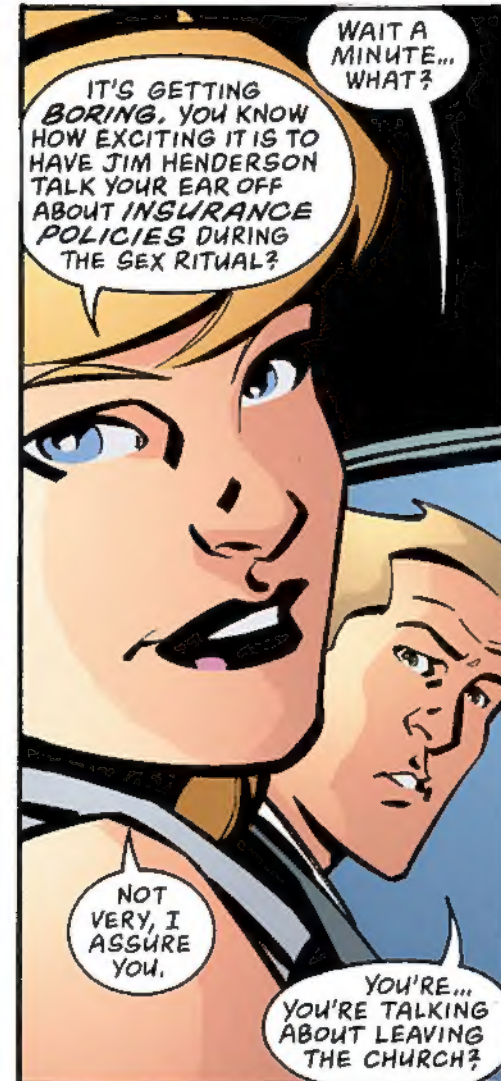
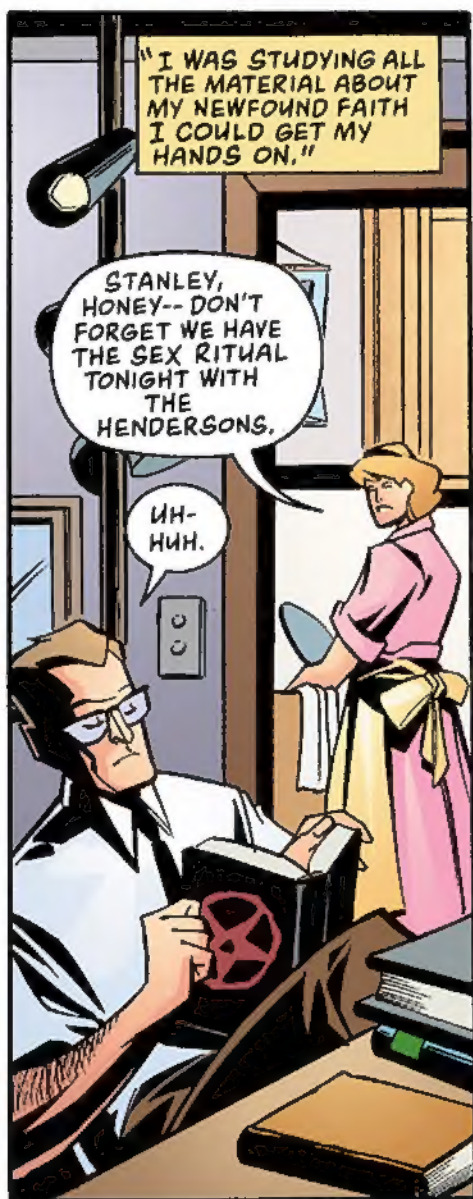
"... BUT IN THE HERE AND NOW.

"AND WHEN I WASN'T KEEPING UP THE FACADE OF A NORMAL, CHEERFUL, SUBURBAN EXISTENCE..."

YOU HAVE A NICE DAY, MRS. SCHWALBACH.



YOU, TOO, MISTER DOVER!





OF COURSE, STAN.
WE'RE IN A *FAMILY* WAY
NOW. TIME TO GROW UP
AND BE RESPONSIBLE.

DON'T
YOU
WANT THIS
BABY?

OF COURSE
I DO. WE NEED
THIS BABY.



ONLY THE SACRIFICE OF
OUR OWN INFANT WILL
PLEASE THE GREAT BEAST
ENOUGH TO GIVE US
ETERNAL LIFE.



"I SHOULD'VE
SEEN IT COMING
THEN..."

WH-
WHAT?



"SHE LEFT ME
THAT NIGHT.

"SUCH A SELF-
ABSORBED
WOMAN.



"UNENCUMBERED
BY A SPOUSE,
I CHOSE TO
ABANDON THE
SUBURBAN NOTION
OF SATANISM-
LIGHT AND SEEK
THE TRUE SECRETS
OF THE DARK ARTS
ABROAD..."

"I SPENT THE BETTER PART OF THE '60S HANGING OUT WITH LONDON'S OCCULT SOCIETY.

"THEY WERE MOSTLY AN ERUDITE BUNCH OF ACADEMICS-- LACKING ANY REAL VISION OR PASSION FOR THE FAITH-- WHO HELD BORING GATHERINGS AT WHICH THEY WAXED ALOOFLY ABOUT THE DARK ARTS.

I THOUGHT HAGGIS WAS SOME SCOTTISH DISH MADE OF GOAT'S GUTS?

"HOWEVER, IT WAS ONE SUCH DINNER IN '68 THAT I MET A GENTLEMAN WHO WOULD PROVIDE ME WITH THE INFORMATION THAT WOULD CHANGE MY LIFE FOREVER..."

NOT HAGGIS, DOVER, A MAGHS.

A SORCERER OF THE HIGHEST ORDER.

AND THIS BURGESS FELLA IS ONE OF THOSE?

HE CERTAINLY FANCIES HIMSELF ONE. RUMOR HAD IT HE SECURED THE MAGDALENE GRIMOIRE BACK IN '16.

WHICH IS WHAT NOW?

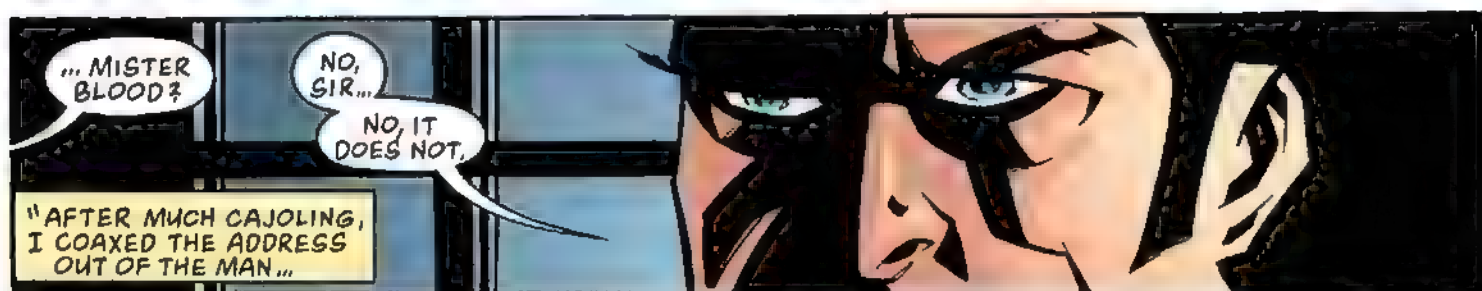
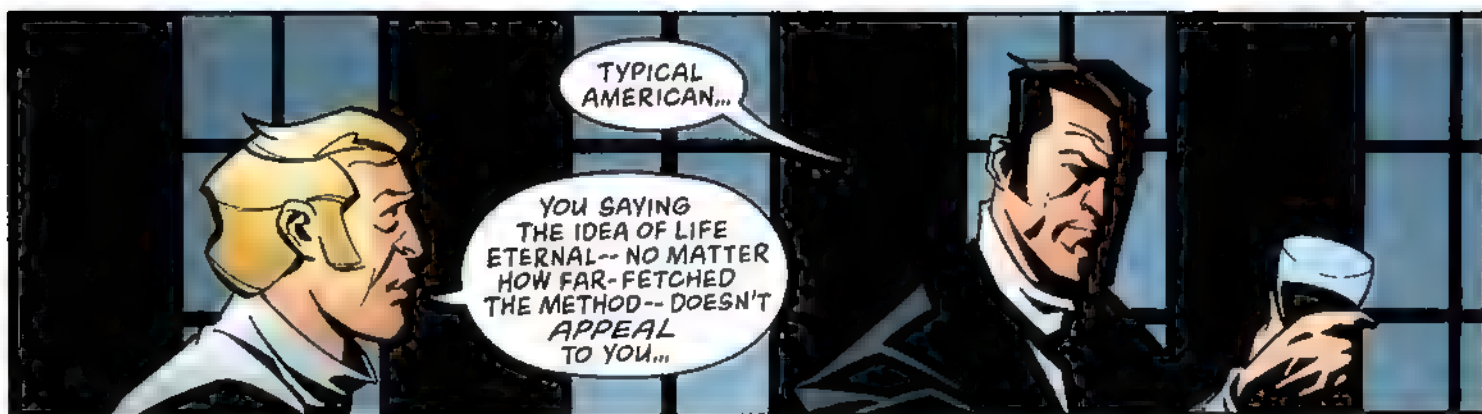
A BOOK THAT'S RUMORED TO HOLD THE SECRET OF LIFE ETERNAL.

SUPPOSEDLY, IT IMPARTS THE SPELL WITH WHICH ONE CAN BIND THE REAPER.

HOW DO I GET IN TOUCH WITH THIS GUY, BURGESS?

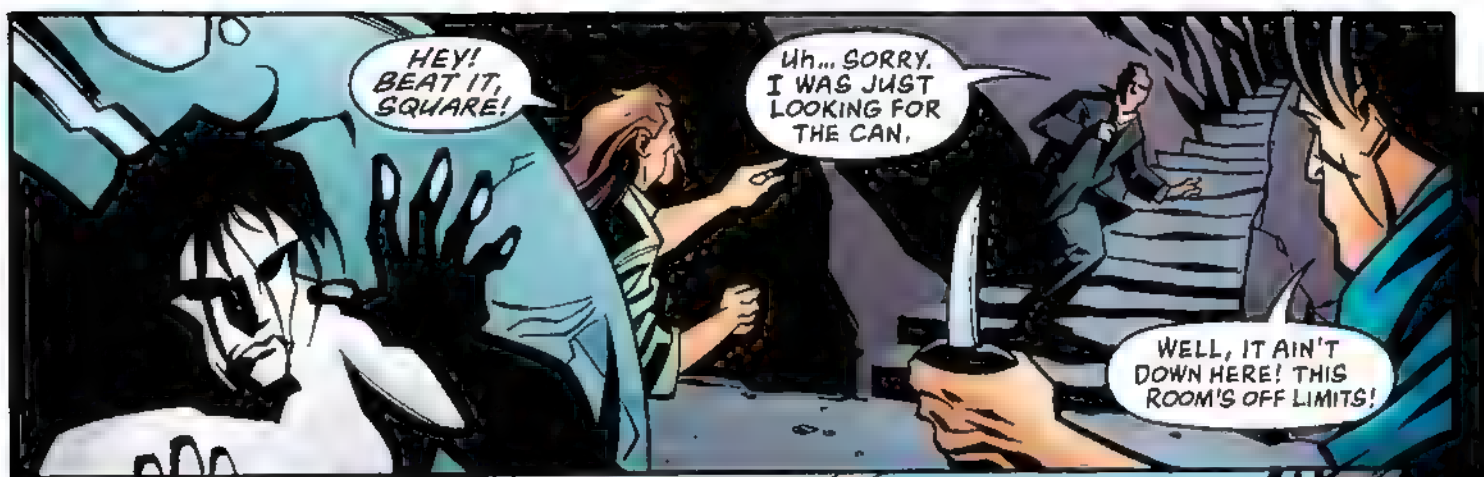
LISTEN TO YOURSELF, MAN. YOU'RE TOLD WHAT ANYONE WITH HALF HIS WITS WOULD REGARD AS A CHILDREN'S TALE OF MACABRE FANCY, AND YOU BUY INTO IT-- HOOK, LINE, AND SINKER.

PRESUMABLY BECAUSE IT'S TOLD TO YOU BY SOMEONE WITH A EUROPEAN ACCENT.





HOLY
MOLEY...



HEY!
BEAT IT,
SQUARE!

UH... SORRY.
I WAS JUST
LOOKING FOR
THE CAN.

WELL, IT AIN'T
DOWN HERE! THIS
ROOM'S OFF LIMITS!



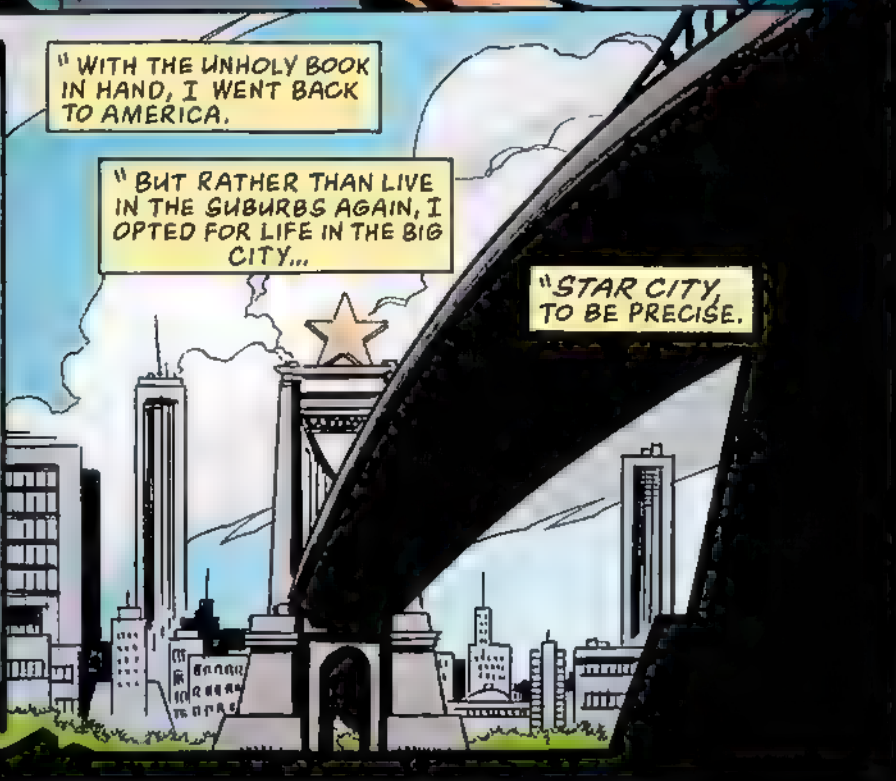
"I FIGURED IF
BURGESS COULD
USE THE BOOK TO
TRAP... WHATEVER
THAT WAS..."

"... THEN
MAYBE I
COULD TRAP
ME SOME-
THING, TOO.

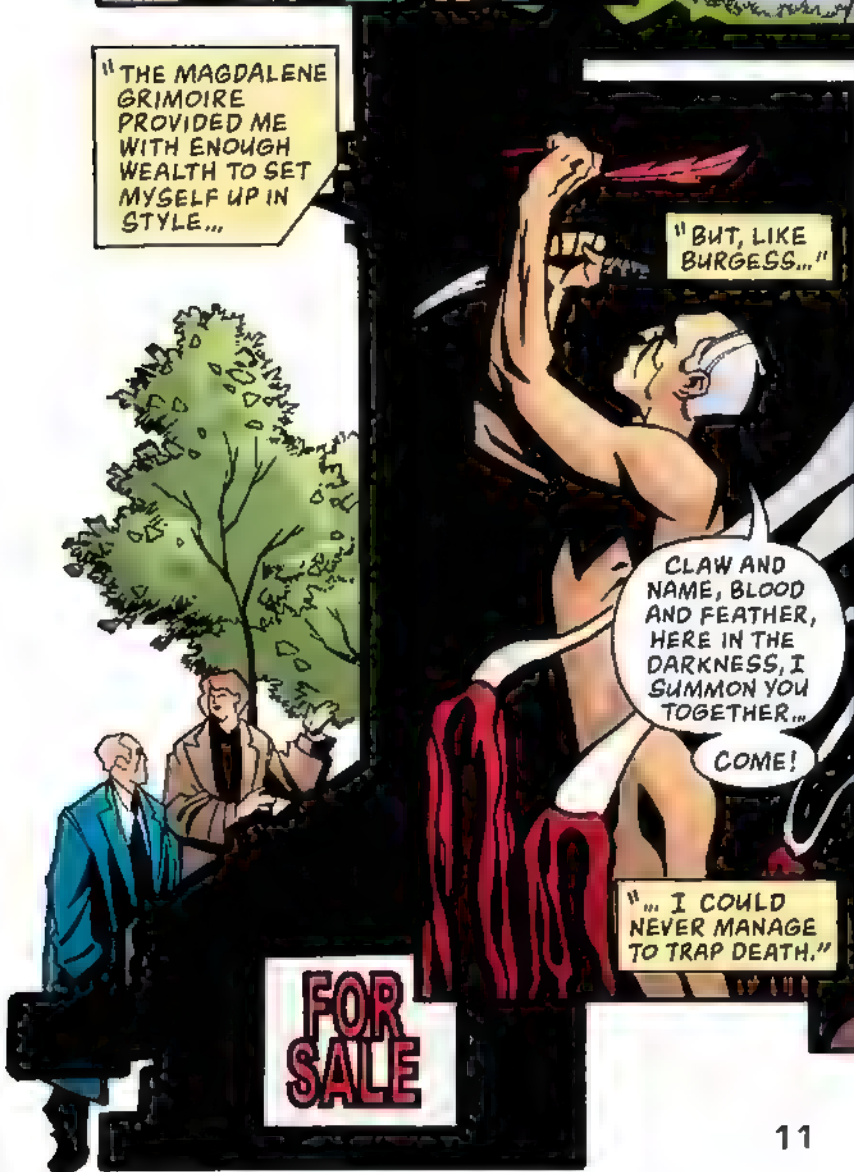
" WITH THE UNHOLY BOOK
IN HAND, I WENT BACK
TO AMERICA.

" BUT RATHER THAN LIVE
IN THE SUBURBS AGAIN, I
OPTED FOR LIFE IN THE BIG
CITY..."

"STAR CITY,
TO BE PRECISE.



"THE MAGDALENE
GRIMOIRE
PROVIDED ME
WITH ENOUGH
WEALTH TO SET
MYSELF UP IN
STYLE..."



"BUT, LIKE
BURGESS..."

CLAW AND
NAME, BLOOD
AND FEATHER,
HERE IN THE
DARKNESS, I
SUMMON YOU
TOGETHER...
COME!

"... I COULD
NEVER MANAGE
TO TRAP DEATH."

NOTHING.
NUTS...

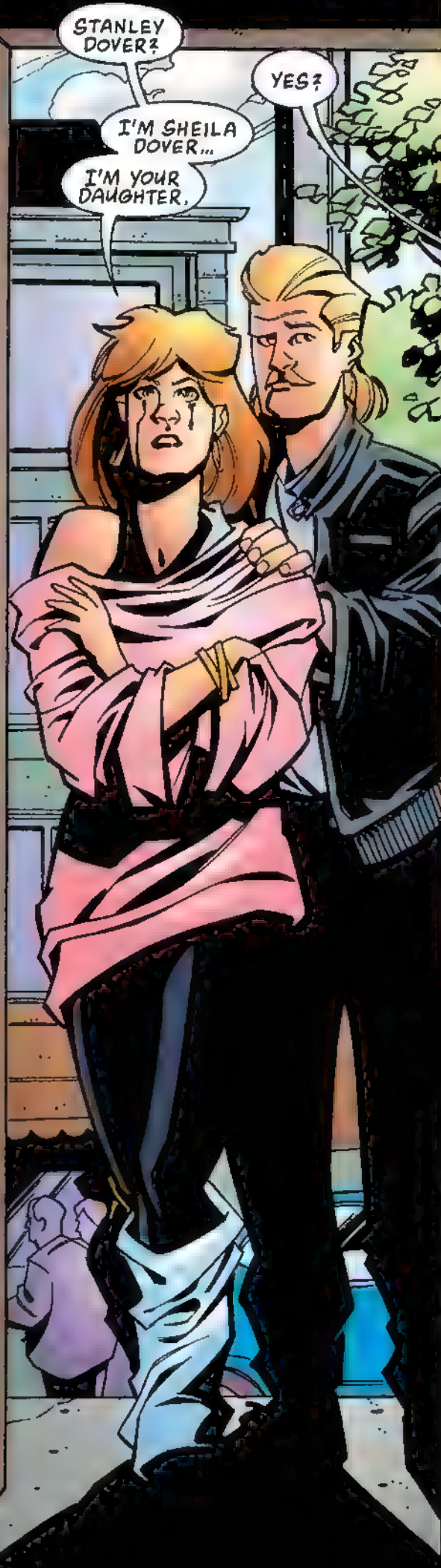
"THEN,
ONE DAY
IN '85..."

DING
DONG!



"... LIFE
THREW ME
A CURVE-
BALL OF
SORTS..."

YES?

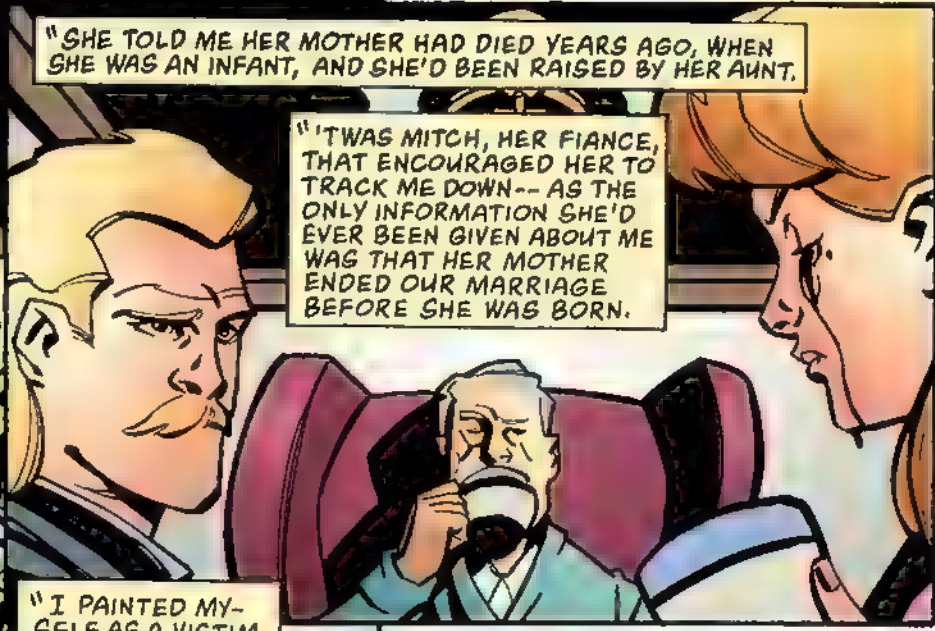


STANLEY DOVER?

YES?

I'M SHEILA DOVER...

I'M YOUR DAUGHTER.



"SHE TOLD ME HER MOTHER HAD DIED YEARS AGO, WHEN SHE WAS AN INFANT, AND SHE'D BEEN RAISED BY HER AUNT.

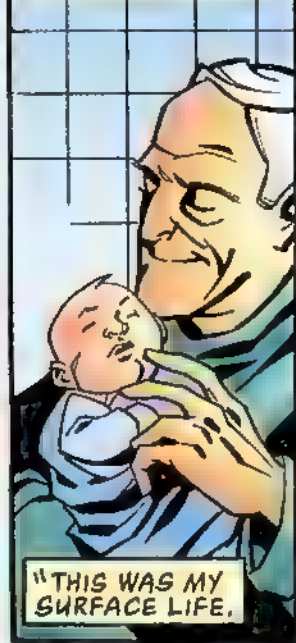
"'T WAS MITCH, HER FIANCE, THAT ENCOURAGED HER TO TRACK ME DOWN-- AS THE ONLY INFORMATION SHE'D EVER BEEN GIVEN ABOUT ME WAS THAT HER MOTHER ENDED OUR MARRIAGE BEFORE SHE WAS BORN.

"I PAINTED MYSELF AS A VICTIM, MAKING UP SOMETHING ABOUT HER MOTHER RUNNING OFF WITH A DOOR-TO-DOOR SALESMAN, BREAKING MY HEART..."



"SHE CALLED ME 'DADDY'."

"SHEILA AND MITCH GOT MARRIED, AND A FEW YEARS LATER, THEY MADE ME A GRANDFATHER."



"THIS WAS MY SURFACE LIFE."

"MY SHROUDED LIFE WAS DEVOTED TO THE STUDY OF THE MAGDALENE GRIMOIRE, NOT TO MENTION OTHER ARCANES TEXTS."

"IT WAS ONE SUCH ALTERNATE TOME THAT I CAME ACROSS A PECULIAR DEMON THAT INTRIGUED ME..."



The Beast With No Name is a rare demon in Hell's Hierarchy. Known for its timidity and kindness, the Beast possesses no powers in the consumption of human flesh. While coarse and stature in Hell is based on rhyming cadence, power is based in nomenclature. The Beast With No Name has thusly been denied identity since the inception of the Pit, due largely to its demerely demeanor.

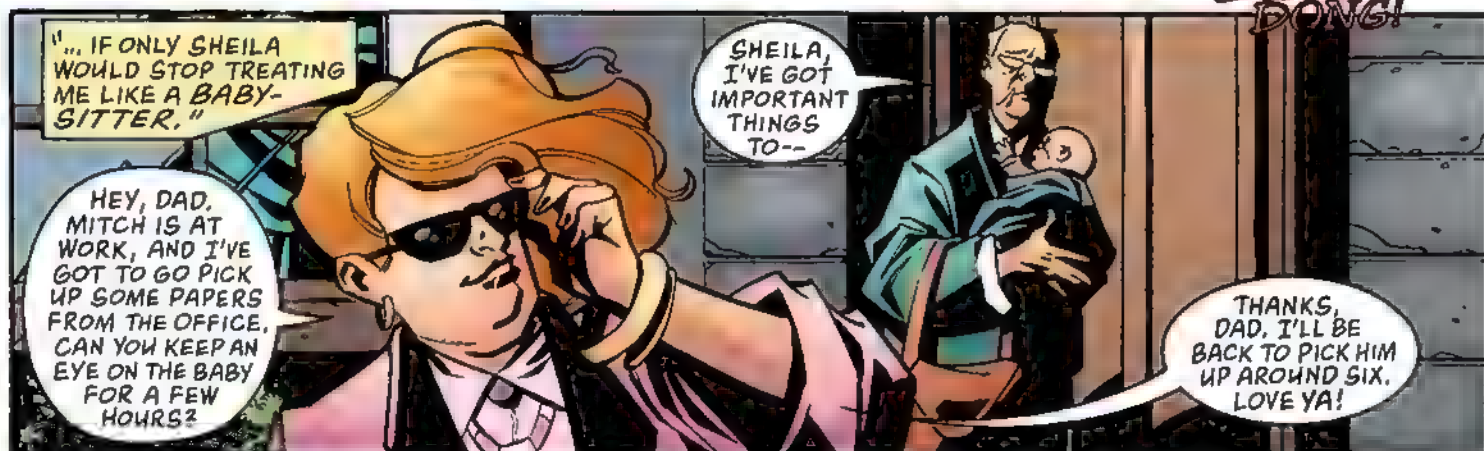


"HERE WAS A DEMON THAT COULD BE BULLIED. OWNED, EVEN. A BEING OF ULTIMATE POWER THAT COULD BE BENT TO THE WILL OF THE MAN WHO CAPTURED IT.

"THIS WOULD BE MY NEW QUARRY.

"THE POWER I COULD SQUEEZE FROM THIS BEAST WITH NO NAME WOULD NOT ONLY GIVE ME LIFE ETERNAL, BUT THE ACTUAL MIGHT OF THE INFERNAL REALMS TO BOOT. I COULD BE A HUMAN GOD!

DING DONG!

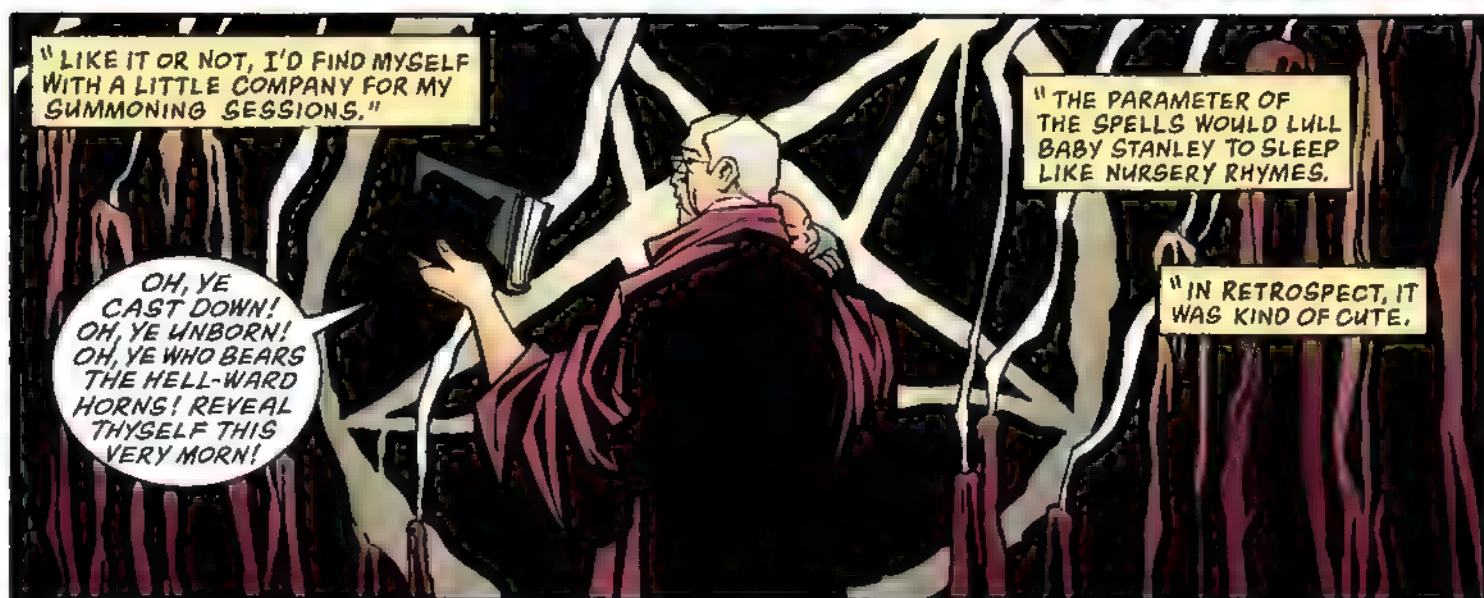


"... IF ONLY SHEILA WOULD STOP TREATING ME LIKE A BABY-SITTER."

SHEILA, I'VE GOT IMPORTANT THINGS TO--

HEY, DAD. MITCH IS AT WORK, AND I'VE GOT TO GO PICK UP SOME PAPERS FROM THE OFFICE. CAN YOU KEEP AN EYE ON THE BABY FOR A FEW HOURS?

THANKS, DAD. I'LL BE BACK TO PICK HIM UP AROUND SIX. LOVE YA!

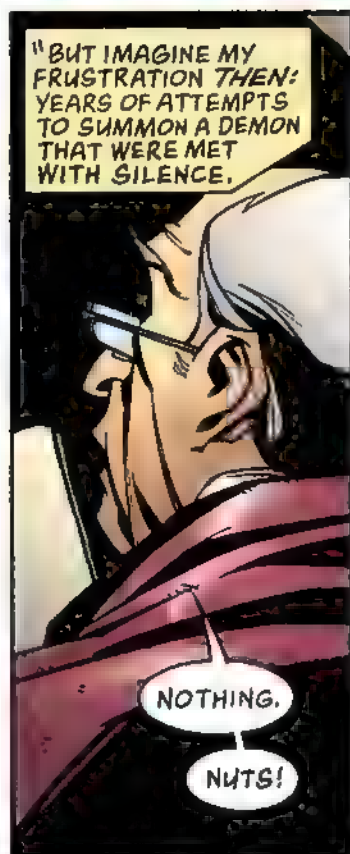


"LIKE IT OR NOT, I'D FIND MYSELF WITH A LITTLE COMPANY FOR MY SUMMONING SESSIONS."

"THE PARAMETER OF THE SPELLS WOULD LULL BABY STANLEY TO SLEEP LIKE NURSERY RHYMES.

"IN RETROSPECT, IT WAS KIND OF CUTE.

OH, YE CAST DOWN!
OH, YE UNBORN!
OH, YE WHO BEARS THE HELL-WARD HORNS! REVEAL THYSELF THIS VERY MORN!



"BUT IMAGINE MY FRUSTRATION THEN: YEARS OF ATTEMPTS TO SUMMON A DEMON THAT WERE MET WITH SILENCE.

NOTHING.

NUTS!



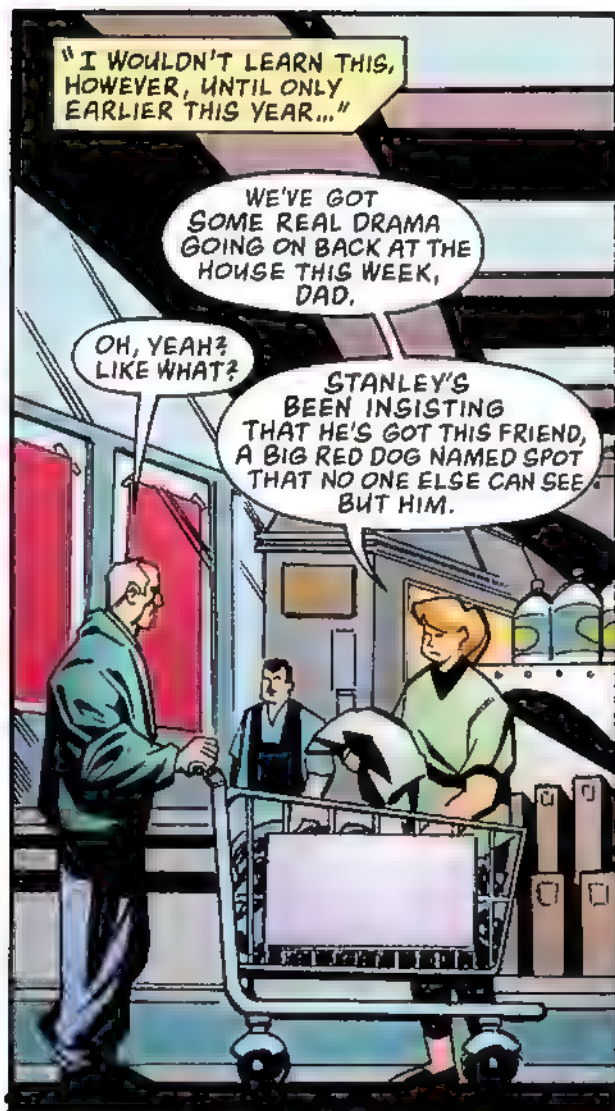
"WHAT I DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT MY EFFORTS TO CAST A BINDING SPELL OVER THIS BEAST FROM THE NETHER REGIONS WEREN'T BEING IGNORED."



"THEY WERE BEING TRANSFERRED."



"ONTO SOME-ONE ELSE."



"I WOULDN'T LEARN THIS, HOWEVER, UNTIL ONLY EARLIER THIS YEAR..."

WE'VE GOT SOME REAL DRAMA GOING ON BACK AT THE HOUSE THIS WEEK, DAD.

OH, YEAH? LIKE WHAT?

STANLEY'S BEEN INSISTING THAT HE'S GOT THIS FRIEND, A BIG RED DOG NAMED SPOT THAT NO ONE ELSE CAN SEE BUT HIM.



MITCH WANTS ME TO TAKE HIM TO A THERAPIST.

IT'S THAT HUSBAND OF YOURS WHO NEEDS A THERAPIST. THE KID'S JUST GOT AN IMAGINARY FRIEND. WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?

MITCH THINKS HE'S TOO OLD TO HAVE IMAGINARY FRIENDS.

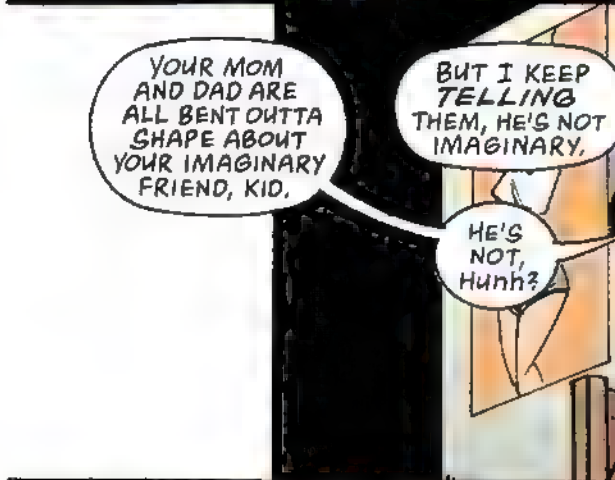
MAYBE IF YOU TALKED TO STANLEY...

YOU KNOW HOW MUCH HE LOVES HIS GRAMPA...



HOWDY, STRANGER.

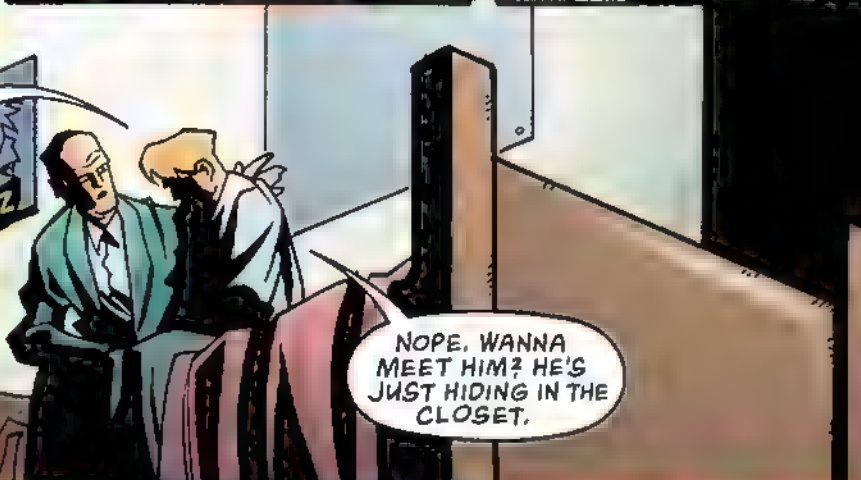
HI, GRAMPA STAN!



YOUR MOM AND DAD ARE ALL BENT OUTTA SHAPE ABOUT YOUR IMAGINARY FRIEND, KID.

BUT I KEEP TELLING THEM, HE'S NOT IMAGINARY.

HE'S NOT, HUNH?



NOPE. WANNA MEET HIM? HE'S JUST HIDING IN THE CLOSET.

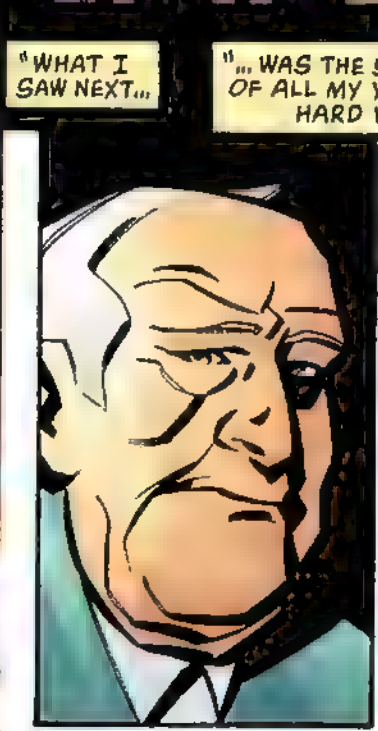


SURE, KID. LET'S MEET YOUR NEW BUDDY.

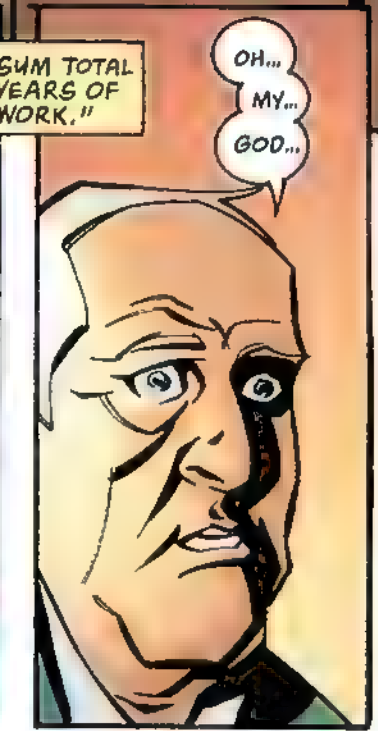
EXCELLENT!

SPOT? I'M GONNA OPEN THE DOOR, OKAY? DON'T BE AFRAID.

I JUST WANT YOU TO MEET MY GRAMPA. HE'S COOL.



"WHAT I SAW NEXT..."

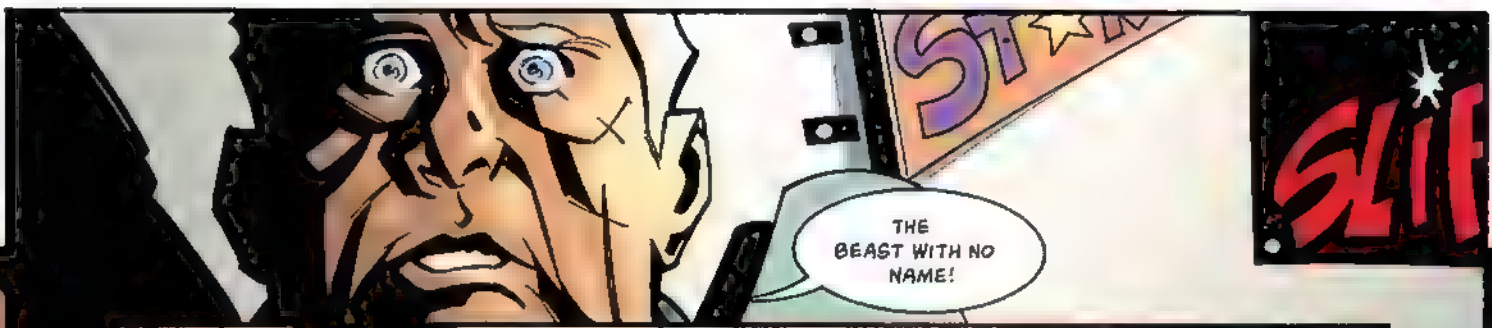


"... WAS THE SUM TOTAL OF ALL MY YEARS OF HARD WORK."

OH... MY... GOD...



YOU SEE,
GRAMPA?
YOU SEE?
HE IS
REAL!

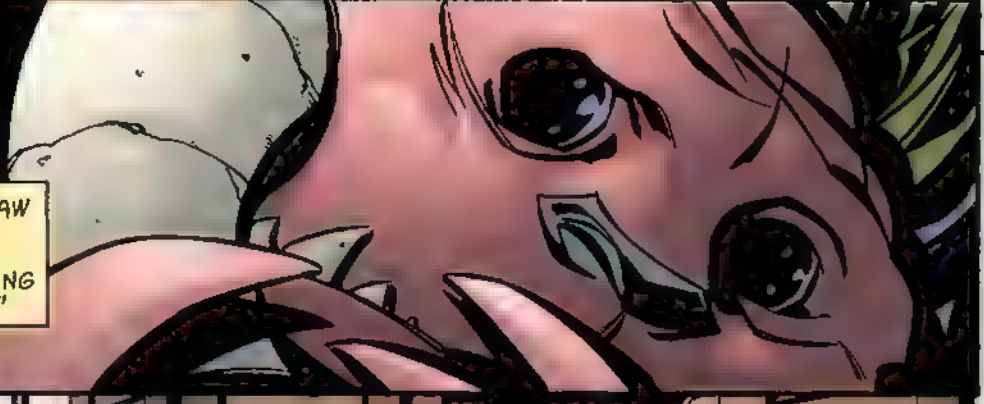


THE
BEAST WITH NO
NAME!

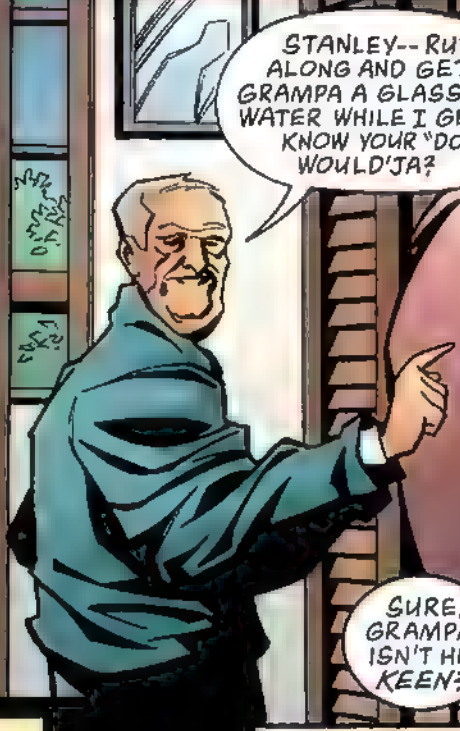


"AND I TELL YA,
THAT MONSTER
SAW SOMETHING
IN ME,

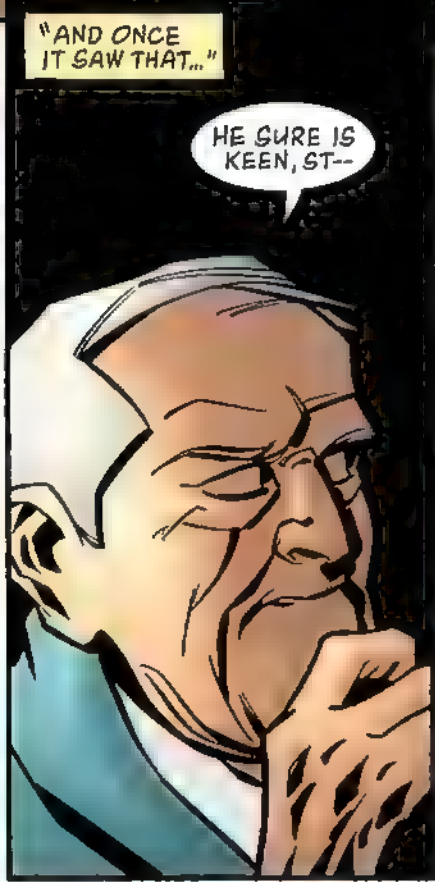
"IT WAS LIKE IT SAW
HOW I SPENT THE
BETTER PART OF
TWELVE YEARS VYING
TO MASTER IT,"



STANLEY-- RUN
ALONG AND GET
GRAMPA A GLASS OF
WATER WHILE I GET TO
KNOW YOUR "DOG",
WOULD'JA?



SURE,
GRAMPA.
ISN'T HE
KEEN?



"AND ONCE
IT SAW THAT..."

HE SURE IS
KEEN, ST--



"... IT BOLTED,"

WHAT
THE
HELL--?

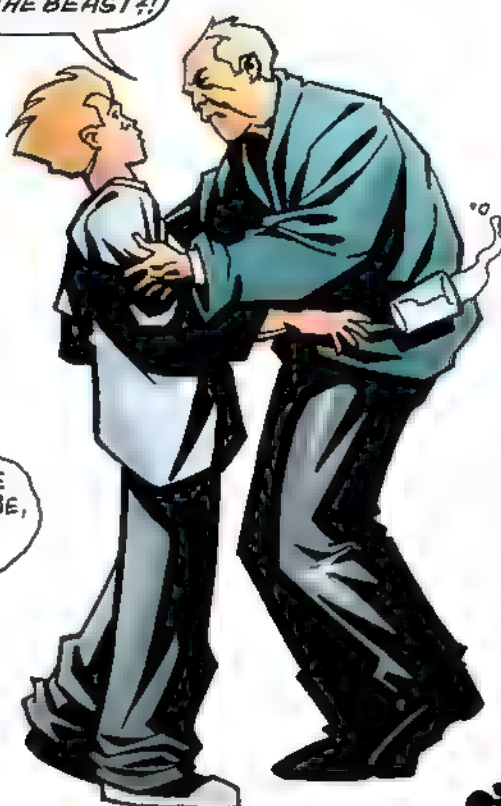
WHERE'D
IT GO?!



HERE'S
YOUR
WATER,
GRAM--

DAMMIT, BOY!
WHERE'D IT GO?!?
WHERE'S THE BEAST?!

Y-YOU'RE
HURTING ME,
GRAMPA!
NO!!!



I-I'M
SORRY,
BOY...

"I WASN'T
THOUGH. I'D
HAVE KILLED
HIM THEN
AND THERE,
BUT I NEEDED
HIM STILL."



"THE NEXT DAY, I ABDUCTED
STANLEY WHILE HE WAS
WALKING HOME FROM SCHOOL..."



"... AND BROUGHT
HIM BACK HERE."

"I'D BUILT THE GLASS CAGE YEARS PRIOR,
FASHIONING IT AFTER THE ONE I'D SEEN IN
BURGESS' SUMMONING CHAMBER BACK IN
WYCH CROSS."

LET ME OUT! PLEEEASE
GRAMPA! LET ME OUT!!

NOW, SETTLE DOWN, SON.
NOBODY CAN HEAR YOU
DOWN HERE EXCEPT ME.

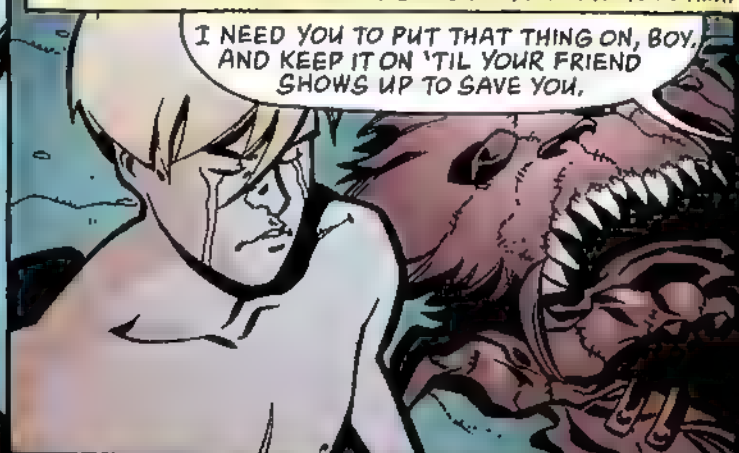


GRAMPA
DOESN'T
WANT YOU.
HE JUST
WANTS YOUR
BIG RED
DOG.

"THE IDEA WAS
SIMPLE..."

"I THOUGHT THE DEFILEMENT AND MOCKERY OF THE
BOY WOULD DRAW THE KINDLY BEAST OUT TO PROTECT HIM."

I NEED YOU TO PUT THAT THING ON, BOY.
AND KEEP IT ON 'TIL YOUR FRIEND
SHOWS UP TO SAVE YOU.



"I PLAYED THE BROKENHEARTED GRAMPA FOR SHEILA AND
HER MORON HUSBAND, NEVER FRETTERING THAT THEY'D BE
SMART ENOUGH TO OPEN THE BASEMENT DOOR..."

"AND FOR
THREE MONTHS,
I WAITED."



"AS TIME PASSED, I GOT MORE DESPERATE TO DRAW THE BEAST OUT. I STARVED STANLEY, FEEDING HIM ONLY THE BLOOD OF THE CHILDREN I SACRIFICED IN FRONT OF HIM-- ALL IN A VAIN EFFORT TO COAX THE BOY'S ONE-TIME PROTECTOR OUT OF HIDING.

"BUT HUMILIATION, TORTURE, DEFILEMENT, DESECRATION, MURDER, AND ALL MANNER OF UNHOLY ACTS PERFORMED ON AND BEFORE STANLEY JR. WAS NOT ENOUGH TO BRING BACK THE BEAST.

"THEN ONE NIGHT, AN ANSWER TO MY PRAYERS..."

"YOU, OLLIE."

"MY YEARS OF IMMERSION IN THE BLACK ARTS HAD PAID OFF IN ANOTHER WAY..."

"I WAS ABLE TO 'READ' THAT YOU WERE A HOLLOW-- THAT RAREST OF FINDS IN THE OCCULT WORLD..."

"A HUMAN HUSK WITH NO SOUL."

"SO I TOOK YOU HOME, FIXED YOU UP, KEPT YOU IN THE DARK ABOUT WHAT YOU COULDN'T REMEMBER, ENCOURAGED YOUR AMNESIA AS BEST I COULD..."



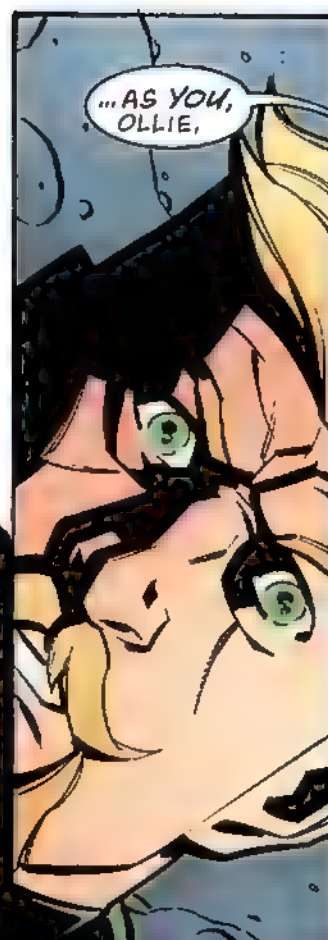
... AND
HERE WE
ARE.

STANLEY--
CAN I
TELL YOU
SOMETHING?



YOU'RE
INSANE!!!

NOPE. JUST
EAGER TO START
MY NEW LIFE...



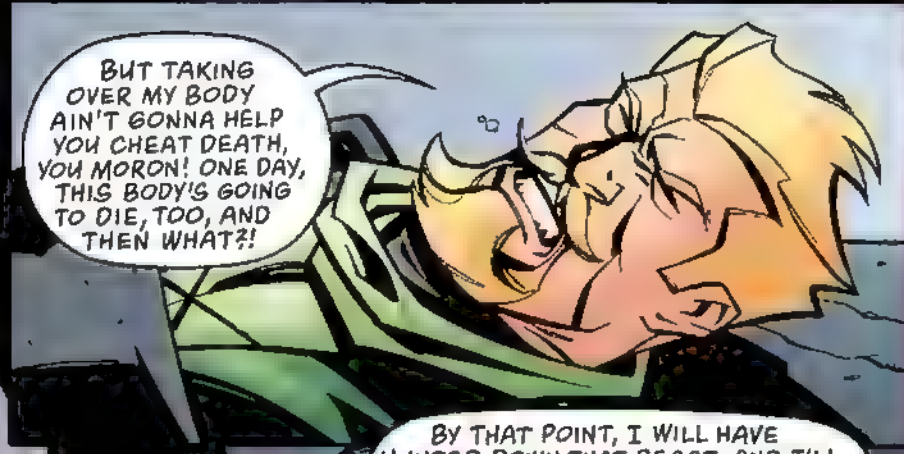
...AS YOU,
OLLIE,



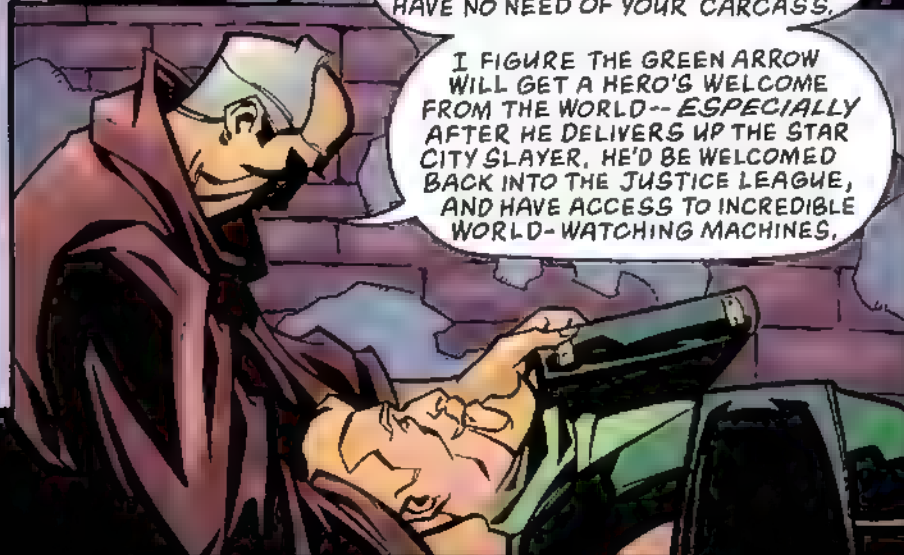
SEE, THERE ARE ALL
MANNER OF WAYS TO
TRANSFER A SOUL INTO
OTHER LIVING BEASTS--
CATS, BATS, SNAKES, ET CETERA--
BECAUSE BEASTS ARE SOUL-
LESS. BUT TRANSFERRING
A SOUL TO ANOTHER HUMAN?
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

UNLESS
SAID HUMAN
IS SOULLESS.
LIKE YOU.

AH-- HERE'S
THE INCANTATION
FOR IT.



BUT TAKING
OVER MY BODY
AIN'T GONNA HELP
YOU CHEAT DEATH,
YOU MORON! ONE DAY,
THIS BODY'S GOING
TO DIE, TOO, AND
THEN WHAT?!



BY THAT POINT, I WILL HAVE
HUNTED DOWN THAT BEAST, AND I'LL
HAVE NO NEED OF YOUR CARCASS.

I FIGURE THE GREEN ARROW
WILL GET A HERO'S WELCOME
FROM THE WORLD-- ESPECIALLY
AFTER HE DELIVERS UP THE STAR
CITY SLAYER, HE'D BE WELCOMED
BACK INTO THE JUSTICE LEAGUE,
AND HAVE ACCESS TO INCREDIBLE
WORLD-WATCHING MACHINES.

THE BEAST IS OUT THERE SOMEWHERE. THEY WON'T HAVE HIM IN HELL, AND I'VE SPENT YEARS BINDING HIM TO THIS PLANE WITH THOSE INCANTATIONS. SOONER OR LATER, HE'S BOUND TO SHOW UP ON THOSE JLA WATCH-TOWER MONITORS YOU READ SO MUCH ABOUT IN ALL THOSE MAGAZINES.

AND GREEN ARROW--WHO'LL BE VOLUNTEERING ALL OF HIS TIME FOR MONITOR DUTY--WILL FIND HIM.

FINE-- JUMP MY BONES, THEN. THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT. I GET IT.

BUT AT LEAST LET MIA AND THE KID GO, YOU'VE GOT ME, YOU DON'T NEED HER. AND YOU SAID IT YOURSELF THAT TORTURING THE KID'S NOT WORKING OUT WITH BRINGING BACK THE BEAST.

OH, NO-- THE BOY, I'M GONNA KILL. THE GIRL, I'M...

... OR RATHER, YOU'RE...

... GOING TO HAVE.

ONCE I'VE TAKEN UP RESIDENCE INSIDE YOUR SKIN, I'M GOING TO RAVISH THAT SWEET LITTLE PIECE OF MEAT LIKE I'VE BEEN ACHING TO DO FOR WEEKS NOW.

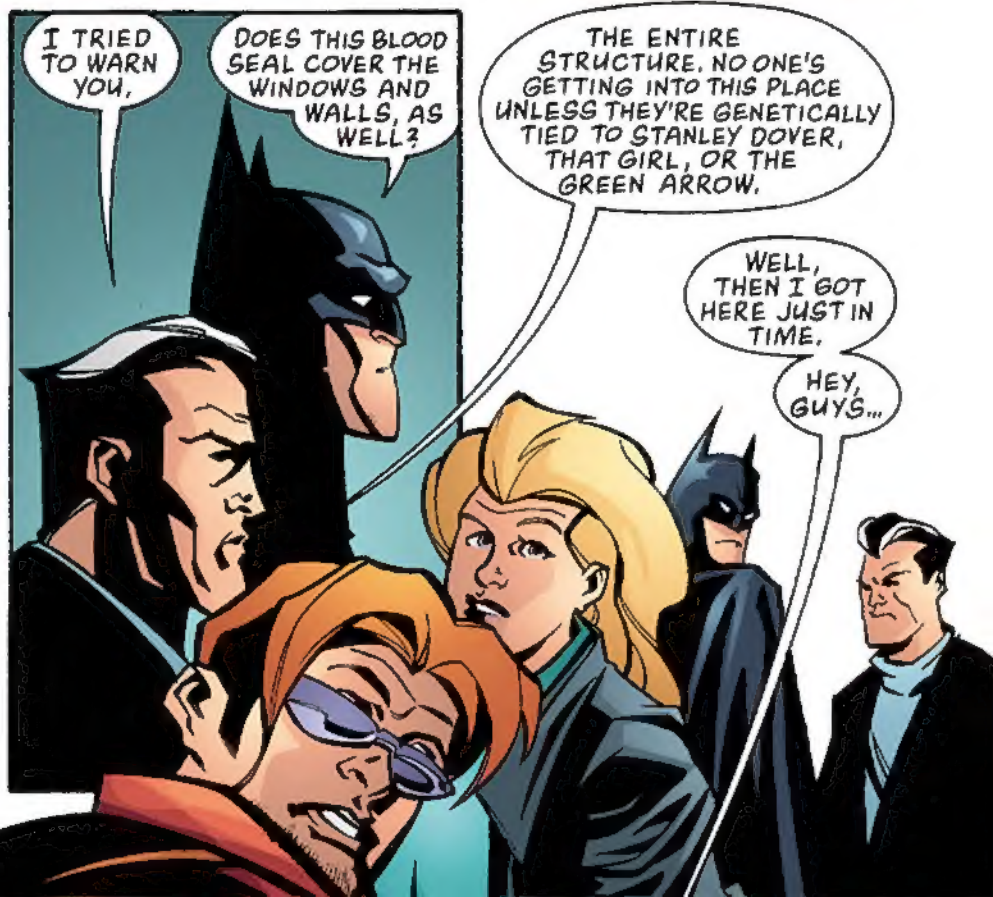
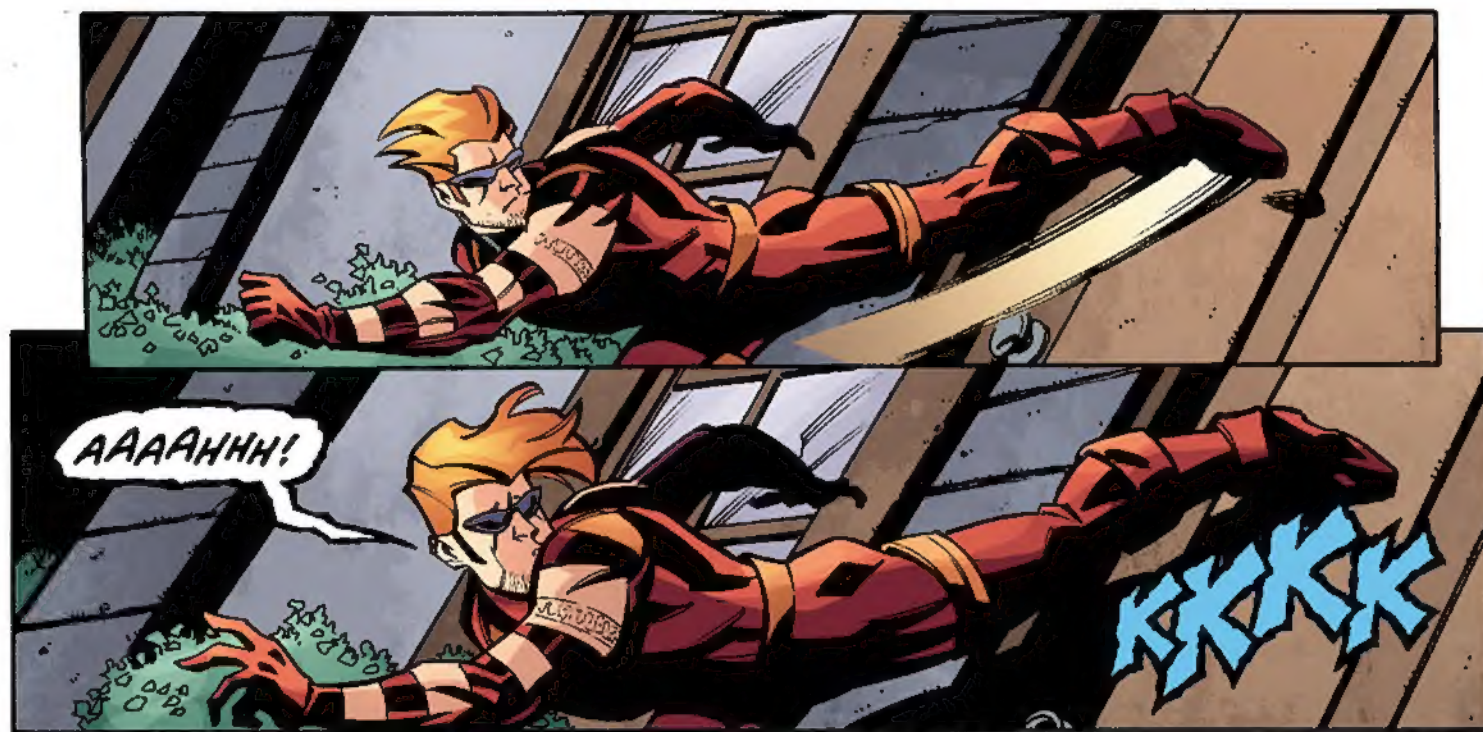
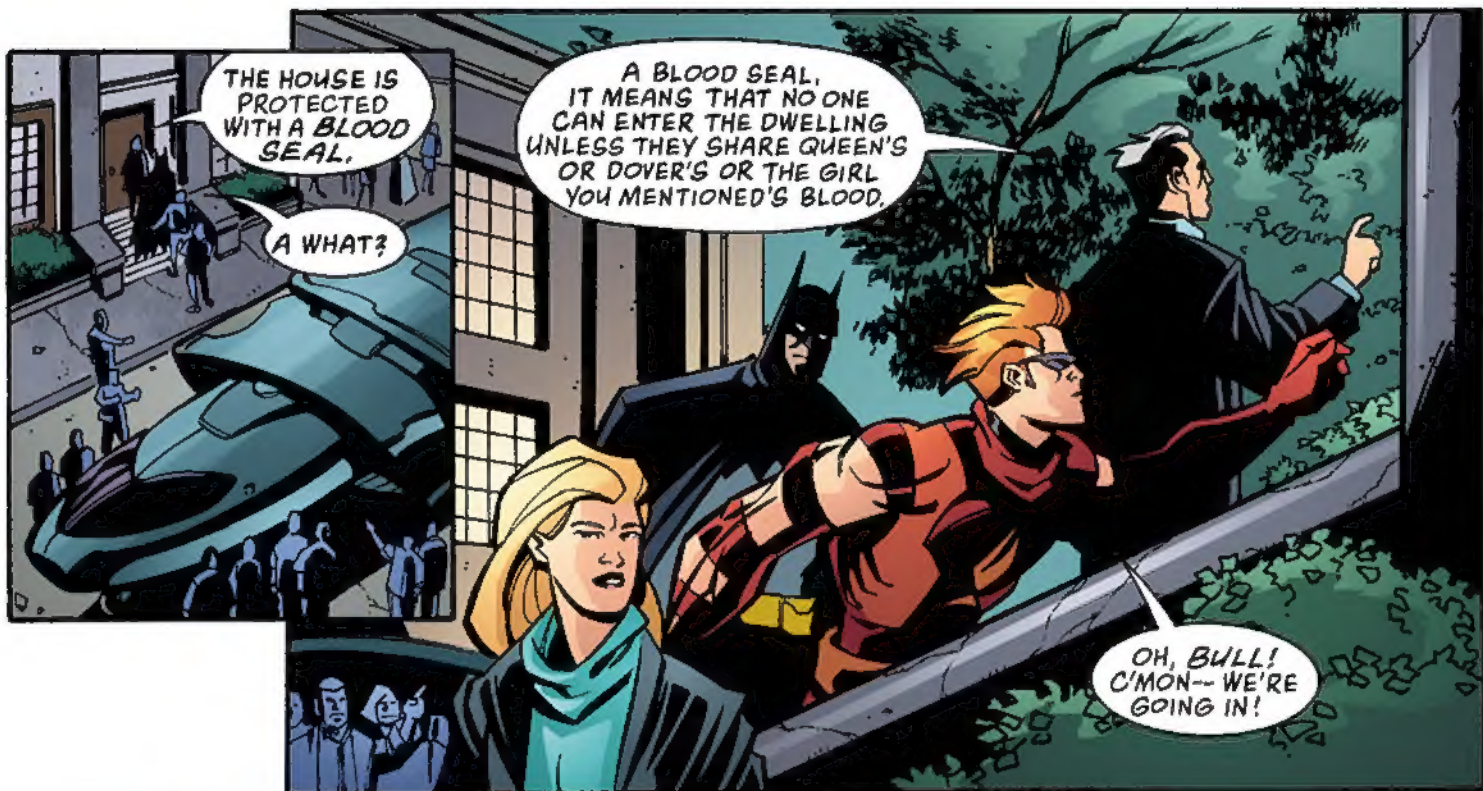
BUT... YOU'RE GAY!

NOT AT ALL. I LOVE ME THE LADIES, OLLIE. I JUST TOLD YOU I WAS GAY TO GAIN YOUR CONFIDENCE.

I MEAN, WHAT BETTER AND QUICKER WAY INTO THE HEART OF ANY LIBERAL THAN BY TELLING HIM YOU'RE A FAG?

YOU THINK THE SPECTRE'S GONNA LET YOU GET AWAY WITH ALL THIS SUPERNATURAL MUMBO-JUMBO? I KNOW THE GUY, AND HE'S IN THE BUSINESS OF PUTTING THE HURT ON COLOSSALLY EVIL LOSERS LIKE YOU!

EVEN IF HE WANTED TO, THE SPECTRE COULDN'T TOUCH ME HERE.





... I'M
HERE TO
SAVE MY
DAD.

TO BE CONCLUDED...

FROM THE WRITER/DIRECTOR OF
CLERKS AND MALLRATS

**KEVIN
SMITH**

with **PHIL HESTER**

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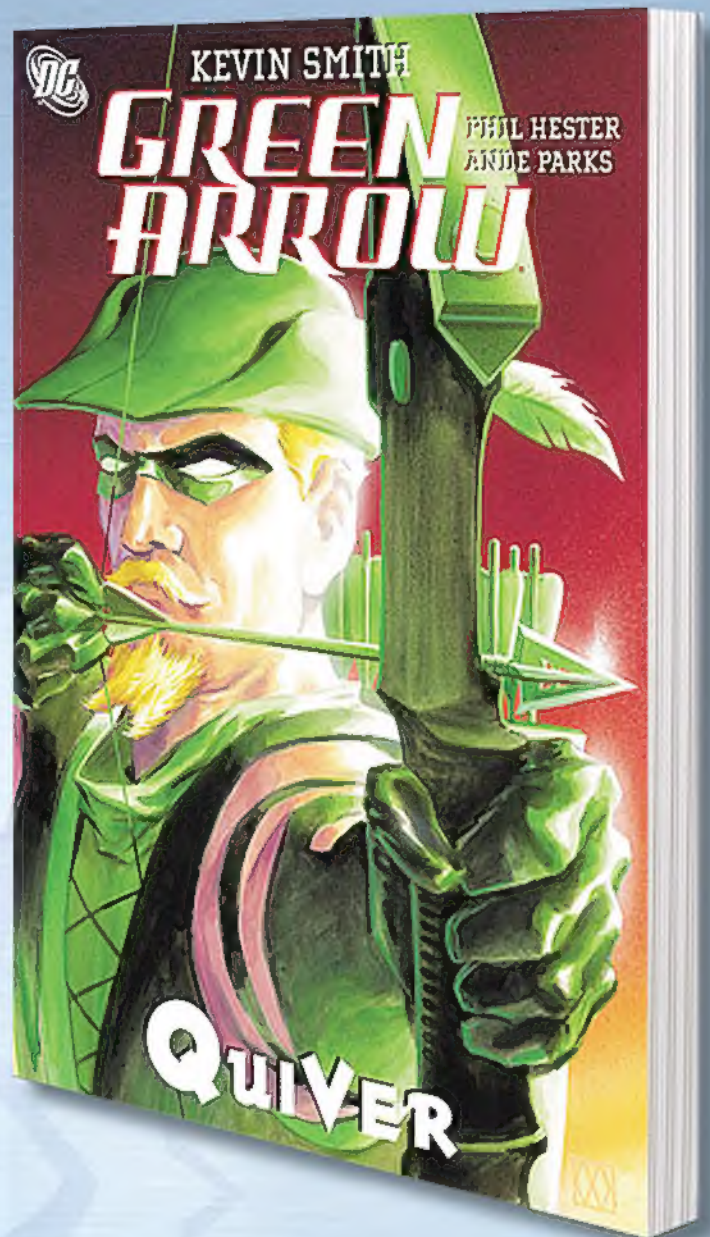
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The Hand

